Menippeus Rusticus.

A

Satyrical Epistle:

From C. S. in the Country, to his Friend in the City.

Difficile est Satyram non scribere ---

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Printed in the Year 1698.

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From C. S. in the Country, to his Friend in the City.

THanks, which is all poor Debtors can bestow,
A grateful Heart, my Friend, returns to you:
To you whose kindness, tho too much mista'ne,
Invites me kindly up to Town again.
But even Nature here, forbids consent;
For Nature would condemn the Experiment.
The Gluttons Stomach will past Surfeits shun,

Nor can ſtrong Hunger force the Potion down:
No more can I, cloy'd with its filth and noyſe,
For the Lewd Town forſake my Country Joy's.
Here a few Books, ſupply my daily uſe,
Since like my Friend's and Converſation, choſe:
Tho often Read, they ſtill will Reading bear;
Not like our modern Lines, or thoſe I ſend you here.
For Writing's now a chronical Diſeaſe,
And ſome ought leſs to fear the Plague, then Preſs.
For tho no Emperick with inverted Eyes,
To the poor Authors ſwift deſtruction flyes;
Want, the *old Poets Vulture* far exceeds,
And he's by piecemeal ſtarv'd, if no man Reads.
Here, none dare Friendſhips ſacred Virtue doubt,
Tho like *Joynt-Stocks* with you 'tis *jobb'd* about.
Nor are our pleaſures interſpers'd with Vice,
Unleſs in *Nooks*, where your *own Darnells riſe*:
Here *murdring Lords*, who rob the poor *Pultron*
Of merit and of mercenary *crown*,

Here

Seek no concealment, for they know 'tis in vain,
Our Roofs, are like our Hearts, ſecure and plain:
Nor has the Mobbs wiſe Vote entruſted me
To Pennyworth out my Country's Liberty;
Nor am I honoured with the *ill* good word
Of ſome in Favour (but deſigning) Lord
Whoſe *generous Commendam* holds it Juſt,
I ſee him cheat my King and ſlight his Truſt;
Nay, tho my Country, or Religion reel,
I dare not hint the inward pangs I feel;
But like a long vex'd Slave to get me eaſe,
Break like a Brute, through the moſt ſacred tyes:
Nor am I loaden with the *gives* of Law,
Magnets which far beyond the ~~Indian~~ Northern draw;
I wrong not any, and were all like me,
None at a Law-Suits price, the Town would ſee;
Then paltry Nokes in ſhabby daggl'd Gown,
Like Oars (as once) might Ply for poor Half Crown,
While now he ſtruts, and with a Spaniſh ſleer,

Takes your Six Pounds, and whiſpers in your Eare;
If eaſe and Claret will ſo far permit
He'll read your Brief and ſleep upon't at night.
True Locuſts on the Greens alone will prey,
But with our quiet, Theſe, take all away;
Purchaſe our Lands, then get to make our Laws;
Oh! how our Lambs thrive in the Lyons paw's?
Poſterity it ſelf may curſe their Care,
While, *Tinker like*, our *Kettles they Repair.*
Then why ſhould I, who ſacred Virtue love,
Forſake my Cottage and to Town remove;
Want you new Shrieves? faith Sir, I ſhan'not *Fine*
Nor was the *noble R yet fixt on mine.*
Your Sheriff Pollars, do it with reſpect,
And to be theirs, we muſt be Heav'ns Elect,
Lie, tho not Swear, and Cheat howe're preciſe,
The Chriſtian now's known by his Tongue and Eyes.
And *ſhow* you not the Tallies of the Cauſe,
Y'are no ways qualify'd to break the Laws;

But

But *THOSE apparent* (the cant runs) we intreat ye
Aſſume the *CHAIR* and banter God Almighty;
Swear to be true to the Eſtabliſh'd Church,
And tho't be *Cedar*, Swear 'tis *Birch*, *'tis Birch*:
For Wiſeman never yet took Oath, but when
To his own mind he might that Oath explain,
If otherwiſe, ſure no man that has Ears
But would conſider ſomwhat, ere he Swears,
And Sacrifice his Intereſt, to his fears.
But would it not provoke all humane ſpleen,
To view the Heads of theſe Electing Men,
Where Pat --- buſtles with his empty pate,
And of peculiar ſweat compounds the Magiſtrate;
Leaves Craving Lady, and the gilt Cloſe-ſtool,
To make his own *Effigies*, A *Fool*.
Or Blinking *Br---ly* with his Crafty ſleer,
Leaves Wife more brittle, then his own crackt ware
To prop up Cauſe and place a Knave i'th Chair.
Such Men, to their own Calves will ſurely bow

Who not a *GOD*, above their *INTEREST* know.
Mechanick Souls obey Mechanick Senſe,
Jack Straw would have a Thraſher for his Prince.
What elſe gave thick-ſcull'd *W--lls* the golden Chain
And of a Taylor made a Gentleman;
His Wives broad Haunches, never could pretend
The *awkard Thing*, their Miſtreſs to commend;
Elſe ſome Court Planet, might have bore the ſhame,
Which now our wiſe Electors ſafely claim;
How elſe could *ſneaking AMSTERDAMUS* ſlip
The Pillory, as once before the Wip.
When naughty Boy from a good Maſter ran
And ſtole his *Caſh*, to found the Gentleman
Yet now they ſcratch the *quondam beggars Itch*,
Load Ruſtick Neck and worſhip Brawny Breech.
Oh *L---n* far thy antient Glory's gone,
Turn'd proſtitute, and ſold to every Clown;
'Tis not the merit of the Patriots Care
But 'tis five hundred Pounds that fill the Chair;
Vertue or Vice admits not a Diſpute,

So

So frail is Man, his Luſt ſo abſolute;
Witneſs that choice which thou may'ſt well repent,
A choice by Heaven for thy correction meant:
When Iſrael, by like headſtrong Paſſion led,
A choice leſs ſcandalous in *CORAH* made;
The wiſe Election, on ſwift ruin drew,
And is not Heaven the *Seat of Juſtice now?*
Perjur'd and falſe and on a *great Record,*
Well do his mighty Pillars call him Lord;
Without a bluſh well do his ſlaves Revere
The Dagon they advanced to grace the Chair.
So Nebats Calves, the humble Type of this,
Kept *Gadly Iſraelites* from Schiſm and Vice:
For ſolemn Worſhip had the Saints miſlead,
Heaven might have got the Converts, Hell had made
His Wares, the cautious Tradeſman to expoſe,
Into back Shops the Cully'd Chapman draws;
Their ſuited Lights his prying Eyes deceive,
And keep the Tradeſman, and his Trade, alive:
But he more dubious of's conſpicuous height,

To ſhow his Colours opens all the Light.
Bribes not, but rather *braves the breath of Fame*,
To tell the liſt'ning World, his growing ſhame.
So *Ætna* ſtretching wide her fiery Jawes
Frights nature, for *ſhe ſuch a proſpect ſhows*;
Scarce his own favorites threats, his hands reſtrain,
From violating all he ſhould maintain:
He ſwallows Oaths like Pills as Juglers would,
Not for their Health, but to amuſe the Crowd.
Preſto, 'tis gone; and yet *Diſſect his Heart*,
There's not its track in the minuteſt Part:
Then who can urge its obligation, were
Not the firſt ſhadows of the Thing appear.
Yet ſee, the pious Pageant ſtalks about
Like Jew, to find his loſt Meſſiah out.
But firſt like Jew, he well reſolves to find
Nothing to fix the *Weather-Cock his Mind*.
Divine *CAMELEON*! thou thy Colour takeſt
From every Prieſt, and every ſtep thou mak'ſt
True in the *Morning* to thy *ſolemn Oath*;
To Pride at *Noon*, but falſe at *Night to both*.
Next Morn, if kindly ſleep has purg'd thy Brain,

To

To nothing true But the old round again.
The cullied Tribe that raised *THEE*, hardly know
Whether th'art *TURK*, *MAHOMETAN*, *or JEW*.
Rejoicce Religious Patriots, Rejoice,
For now the Peoples, is the Almighty Voice;
The Proverbs sacred ---- or the Authors lie,
He wants the sketches of Divinity:
But Patriot, he is, a stanch one too,
Hear how his Heroes, swear him *Litchfield Blew*;
You Laugh, and think they have mista'n the place
When 'twas but Zeal, that led them in the race.
For name a Bishop, and they faster run
With sceptick Zeal, to pull the Dagon down,
Then when at *Michaelmas a Poll comes on*:
And should I leave, my friend, what I possess,
In Country shades, to taste such trash as this?
Is chatting Treason over a Dish of Tea
Like living in the Country lov'd and free?
What tho Republick Notions be the Theam,
Which City Boobies, with authentick Hem,
Applaud, and hug me dearly to maintain:

Vox Populi
Vox Dei.
~~*Wage,*~~ an old ad[illegible]

Striagh

Straight the grave Cod's-Head, takes me home to Dine,
Kills me with Chatt' and Poyſons me with Wine,
Which to complete, (for I was born to die)
He drinks freſh Healths to *New-Born Liberty.*
O then what Viſions ſwell his Rolling Eyes,
While his Dilirium, in a Frantick Dreſs,
Paints him *SUCCESSION* juſt *expir'd* or *ſlain,*
And kindly turns (the better way) his Brain.
May Country Converſe, howe're crude or dull,
Be ſtill my plague; e're thus I play the Fool.
But ſince that fate is in my power to flie,
I'le further wiſh my generous Friend and me.
May no Diviſions rend the weighty Peace
Which *WILLIAM'S* Arms, through danger and diſtreſs,
Procur'd thoſe foes who yet regret his eaſe;
May his great Smiles fall kindly on the Juſt,
And only honeſt Hearts be plac'd in Truſt.
May you, with me, deſpiſe the Vitious Town,
This is a wiſh which I will always own.

F I N I S.